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The Allopathic Complex and Its Consequences

luigi mangione's last words

LM
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The second amendment means I am my own chief executive and commander in chief of my own military. I authorize my own act of self-defense in response to a hostile entity making war on me and my family.

Nelson Mandela says no form of viooence can be excused. Camus says it's all the same, whether you live or die or have a cup of coffee. MLK says violence never brings permanent peace. Gandhi says that non-violence is the mightiest power available to mankind.

That's who they tell you are heroes. That's who our revolutionaries are.

Yet is that not capitalistic? Non-violence keeps the system working at full speed ahead.

What did it get us. Look in the mirror.

They want us to be non-violent, so that they can grow fat off the blood they take from us.

The only way out is through. Not all of us will make it. Each of us is our own chief executive. You have to decide what you will tolerate.

In *Gladiator 1* Maximus cuts into the military tattoo that identifies him as part of the roman legion. His friend asks "Is that the sign of your god?" As Maximus carves deeper into his own flesh, as his own blood drips down his skin, Maximus smiles and nods yes. The tattoo represents the emperor, who is god. The god emperor has made himself part of Maximus's own flesh. The only way to destroy the emperor is to destroy himself. Maximus smiles through the pain because he knows it is worth it.

These might be my last words. I don't know when they will come for me. I will resist them at any cost. That's why I smile through the pain.

They diagnosed my mother with severe neuropathy when she was forty-one years old. She said it started ten years before that with burning sensations in her feet and occasional sharp stabbing pains. At first the pain would last a few moments, then fade to tingling, then numbness, then fade to nothing a few days later.

The first time the pain came she ignored it. Then it came a couple times a year and she ignored it. Then every couple months. Then a couple times a month. Then a couple times a week. At that point by the time the tingling faded to numbness, the pain would start, and the discomfort was constant. At that point even going from the couch to the kitchen to make her own lunch became a major endeavor

She started with ibuprofen, until the stomach aches and acid reflux made her switch to acetaminophen. Then the headaches and barely sleeping made her switch back to ibuprofen.

The first doctor said it was psychosomatic. Nothing was wrong. She needed to relax, destress, sleep more.

The second doctor said it was a compressed nerve in her spine. She needed back surgery. It would cost $180,000. Recovery would be six months minimum before walking again. Twelve months for full potential recovery, and she would never lift more than ten pounds of weight again.

The third doctor performed a Nerve Conduction Study, Electromyography, MRI, and blood tests. Each test cost $800 to $1200. She hit the $6000 deductible of her UnitedHealthcare plan in October. Then the doctor went on vacation, and my mother wasn't able to resume tests until January when her deductible reset.

The tests showed severe neuropathy. The $180,000 surgery would have had no effect.

They prescribed opioids for the pain. At first the pain relief was worth the price of constant mental fog and constipation. She didn't tell me about that until later. All I remember is we took a trip for the first time in years, when she drove me to Monterey to go to the aquarium. I saw an otter in real life, swimming on its back. We left at 7am and listened to Green Day on the four-hour car ride. Over time, the opioids stopped working. They made her MORE sensitive to pain, and she felt withdrawal symptoms after just two or three hours.

Then gabapentin. By now the pain was so bad she couldn't exercise, which compounded the weight gain from the slowed metabolic rate and hormonal shifts. And it barely helped the pain, and made her so fatigued she would go an entire day without

getting out of bed.

Then Corticosteroids. Which didn't even work.

The pain was so bad I would hear my mother wake up in the night screaming in pain. I would run into her room, asking if she's OK. Eventually I stopped getting up. She'd yell out anguished shrieks of wordless pain or the word "fuck" stretched and distended to its limits. I'd turn over and go back to sleep.

All of this while they bled us dry with follow-up appointment after follow-up appointment, specialist consultations, and more imagine scans. Each appointment was promised to be fully covered, until the insurance claims were delayed and denied. Allopathic medicine did nothing to help my mother's suffering. Yet it is the foundation of our entire society.

My mother told me that on a good day the nerve pain was like her legs were immersed in ice water. On a bad day it felt like her legs were clamped in a machine shop vice, screwed down to where the cranks stopped turning, then crushed further until her ankle bones sprintered and cracked to accommodate the tightening clamp. She had more bad days than good.

My mother crawled to the bathroom on her hands and knees. I slept in the living room to create more distance from her cries in the night. I still woke up, and still went back to sleep.

Back then I thought there was nothing I could do.

The high copays made consistent treatment impossible. New treatments were denied as "not medically necessary." Old treatments didn't work, and still put us out for thousands of dollars.

UnitedHealthcare limited specialist consultations to twice a year.

Then they refused to cover advanced imaging, which the specialists required for an appointment.

Prior authorizations took weeks, then months.

UnitedHealthcare constantly changed their claim filing procedure. They said my mother's doctor needed to fax his notes. Then UnitedHealthcare said they did not save faxed patient correspondence, and required a hardcopy of the doctor's typed notes to be mailed. Then they said they never received the notes. They were unable to approve the claim until they had received and filed the notes.

They promised coverage, and broke their word to my mother.

With every delay, my anger surged. With every denial, I wanted to throw the doctor through the glass wall of their hospital waiting room.

But it wasn't them. It wasn't the doctors, the receptionists, administrators, pharmacists, imaging technicians, or anyone we ever met. It was UnitedHealthcare.

People are dying. Evil has become institutionalized. Corporations make billions of dollars off the pain, suffering, death, and anguished cries in the night of millions of Americans.

We entered into an agreement for healthcare with a legally binding contract that promised care commensurate with our insurance payments and medical needs. Then UnitedHealthcare changes the rules to suit their own profits. They think they make the rules, and think that because it's legal that no one can punish them.

They think there's no one out there who will stop them.

Now my own chronic back pain wakes me in the night, screaming in pain. I sought out another type of healing that showed me the real antidote to what ails us.

I bide my time, saving the last of my strength to strike my final blows. All extractors must be forced to swallow the bitter pain they deal out to millions.

As our own chief executives, it's our obligation to make our own lives better. First and foremost, we must seek to improve our own circumstances and defend ourselves. As we do so, our actions have ripple effects that can improve the lives of others.

Rules exist between two individuals, in a network that covers the entire earth. Some of these rules are written down. Some of these rules emerge from natural respect between two individuals. Some of these rules are defined in physical laws, like the properties of gravity, magnetism or the potential energy stored in the chemical bonds of potassium nitrate.

No single document better encapsulates the belief that all people are equal in fundamental worth and moral status and the frameworks for fostering collective well-being than the US constitution.

Writing a rule down makes it into a law. I don't give a fuck about the law. Law means nothing. What does matter is following the guidance of our own logic and what we learn from those before us to maximize our own well-being, which will then maximize the well-being of our loved ones and community.

That's where UnitedHealthcare went wrong. They violated their contract with my mother, with me, and tens of millions of other Americans. This threat to my own health, my family's health, and the health of our country's people requires me to respond with an act of war.

END

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